

## Blue Square by Ember Nickel

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Friendship, Supernatural

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Robin, Steve H.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-07-27 20:13:56

**Updated:** 2019-07-27 20:13:56

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 19:14:36

**Rating:** K+

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,052

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** In North America, a blue square denotes an intermediate difficulty ski slope. Or, Steve and Robin weren't always friends. [Writing Rainbow - Blue gift for wafflelate.]

## Blue Square

For the excellent prompt "Two Characters Who Don't Like Each Other Grudgingly Share A Ski Lift."

---

Indiana was a nice enough state, Robin figured. It had dunes. It had a Great Lake. It even had some decent-sized cities.

So why had Hawkins High decided to take a freshman class trip to a makeshift ski hill?

There wasn't even real snow. The first flurries in Hawkins had long since given way to dreary slush, and the snow machines at Bodew Resort were going full blast to cover the slopes. And she hadn't really wanted to go in the first place—"for that money I could buy a bunch more records," she pointed out. But Mom and Dad had to point out what a nice social experience it would be, and wouldn't she miss out if all her friends went without her, and what was she going to do in school anyway with only a few stragglers sleeping on their desk. She'd stopped herself before saying "probably skip."

Beth, of course, was racing ahead to the black diamond. Apparently her grandparents had taken her skiing in Colorado on bygone winter vacations and that was one reason she was so fast on her feet. Some of the choir kids huddled together to the bunny hill, and Robin was tempted to join them. But she saw them all the time anyway. What difference would it make except being colder and more uncomfortable?

So she joined the line at the intermediate slope, telling herself it would be a short and brisk way down. A fun new thing to do. Something she could actually tell Mom and Dad when they asked "so, how was school today" at another monotonous family dinner.

Then she saw who was in line in front of her, and suddenly the climb didn't seem like it could be short enough.

She was *almost* tempted to try climbing the hill herself, rather than share a chairlift with Steve Freaking Harrington. More time to

herself. But she didn't feel confident she could make it without a hitch, and the silent glare of the Bodew staff suggested that they didn't want to haul her out of the fake snow. To say nothing of her classmates.

That was how Robin found herself clenching her feet within her skis, as she strapped in alongside Steve.

"So," he drawled, not making eye contact. "You come here often?"

Was he really trying to *flirt* with her? He was too cool for that, surely. Just ridicule. "Don't have time," she said, "between soccer practice and drama rehearsal." Things that would look good on a college transcript someday, unlike...beating up middle schoolers or whatever Steve did for fun.

"Jeez," he said, the *tryhard* left silent.

"You must be an old pro, though, right?" she needled. "King of the slopes?"

"Aw, sure," he said, before his head instinctively twitched in the direction of the black diamond. "Just don't want to show up the others."

"You're a real saint."

Maybe it would crash and they'd all fall off, and the world would be free from King Steve. Or maybe the last thing she ever saw would be his smirk as he skied out of the wreckage. Or maybe it would stall and she'd be trapped with him. They probably had rules about using your skis to club someone, in an emergency. She couldn't be held responsible.

Robin turned around to see the riders in the lift behind them. They looked like college kids, although it was hard to tell beneath their ski masks, and one was resting their head on the other's shoulder. Really close friends who were relaxing together? Boyfriend and girlfriend, maybe?

She felt a brief pang of jealousy for their intimacy. Who could she ever have that with, that would trust her completely knowing who

she was? But the moment passed. Boys were dumb anyway, if the specimen next to her was any indication.

"Aaaanyway," Steve said, "I'd love to stay and chat, but, you know."

Somehow they'd reached the summit. He slid off, Robin a step behind. The staffer at the top waved him down first, and the snow he kicked up glinted in the bright sun for a few moments. Until he wiped out.

Robin suppressed a snicker while the attendant stared. Even Steve Harrington was humbled by the might of Mount Bodew! Maybe the field trip wouldn't be so bad after all.

She made it down the first turn, then the second, her shout of exultation carrying in the wind, before she promptly tripped into the snow.

Well, nobody had seen. Robin pulled herself up and cautiously proceeded forward at an angle. The lodge would have hot chocolate, at least. She'd earned a break.

---

The pair of friends behind the two freshmen exchanged a brief smile as they disembarked the ski lift. "You in better shape?" asked one.

"We are not here to *ski*," the other hissed. "We are here to—"

"—investigate Hawkins Labs before Will disappears, I know, I know. We've earned a break. Besides, technically, we're not falling behind, we can always repeat today."

"The more copies of us there are, the more chances there are of us being seen in two places at once."

"Nobody confused us with those idiots, did they?" The skier pointed down at the young Steve, who was shaking off help from a staff person as he attempted to right himself.

"Joyce'll be mad if we overload the flux capacitor."

"That's not what it's called."

"It is now."

Groaning, a temporally-shifted Steve took off down the slope, making it about halfway before stumbling off-course. Robin shot past him, grinning behind her ski mask while she clutched her poles.

"I'm just saying," she said, "we're cutting it close."

"Relax," said Steve. "Even if someone did recognize us, which they won't, nobody would believe we'd voluntarily enjoy each other's company."

"You've got that right," Robin admitted. "Shall we try again? I don't think our younger selves are going to be doing that any time soon."

And the time-travellers returned to the line, ready to improve upon their past.